

The Chronicle History

At such a conuoy, who came off brauely, who was shot,
Who disgraced, what termes the enemy stood on.
And this they con perfectly in phrase of warre,
Which they tricke vp with new tun'd oathes,
And what a beard of the Generals cut,
And a horrid shout of the Campe
Will do among the foming bottles and alewasht wits
Is wonderfull to be thought on: but you must learne
To know such slanders of this age,
Or else you may meruellously be mistooke.

Flew. Certaine Captaine *Gower*, it is not the man,
Looke you, that I did take him to be:
But when time shall serue, I shall tell him a little
Of my desires: heere comes his Maiesty.

Enter King, Clarence, Gloster, and others.

King. How now *Flewellen*, come you from the bridge?

Flew. I and it shall please your Maiesty,
There is excellent seruice at the bridge.

King. What men haue you lost *Flewellen*?

Flew. And it shall please your Maiesty,
The partition of the aduersary hath beene great,
Very reasonably great, but for our owne parts,
I thinke we haue lost neuer a man, vnlesse it be one
For robbing of a Church, one *Bardolfe*, if your Maiesty
Know the man, his face is full of welks, and knubs,
And pumple, and his breath blowes at his nose
Like a coale, sometimes red, sometimes blew;
But God be praised, now his nose is executed,
And his fire out.

King. We would haue all offenders so cut off,
And here we giue expresse commandement,
That there be nothing taken from the villages
But paid for; none of the French abused,
Or vpbraided with disdainfull language:
For when cruelty and lenity play for a Kingdome,
The gentlest gamester is the sooner winner.

Enter

of Henry the

Enter the French

Herald. You know me by my

King. Well then, we know the

What should we know of the

Her. My Masters minde.

Her. Go thee vnto *Harry* of
Aduantage is a better souldier
Although we did seeme dead,
Now we speake vpon our knee,
England shall repent her folly,
And admire our sufferance. *VV*
His pettinesse would bow vnder
For the effusion of our blood,
For the disgrace we haue borne
At our feete, a weake and wor
To this, adde defiance.

So much from the King my Ma

King. *VV*hat is thy name?

Herald. *Montjoy.*

King. Thou dost thy office
And tell thy King, I do not see
But could be well content, with
To march on to *Callis*; for to
(Though tis no wisdom to o
Vnto an enemy of craft and va
My souldiers are with sicknes
My Army lessened, and those
Almost no better then so man
*VV*ho when they were in hea
I thought vpon one paire of
Did march three Frenchmens
Yet God forgiue me, that I do
Your aire of *France* hath blo
I must repent, go tell thy Ma
My ransome is this fraile and
My Army but a weake and fi